the name of

from the Holy Land by St. Dominio six or The kindlier mood will help you to a truer seven hundred years ago; not only be-seven hundred years ago; not only be-seven hundred the church covered the churches which the stranger is apt with Bible stories, is perhaps the oldest wood carving in the world; but also because there will be sitting in his white robes, on a bench beside the nave, an aged Domincan monk reading some holy book, with his spectacles fallen forward on his nose and his cowl fallen back on his neck and his wide tonsure gleaming glacially in the pale light, whom nothing in the church or its visitors can distract from his devo-

It is very, very cold in there, but he probably would not if he could follow you into the warm outer world and on into the garden of the Knights, who came here after they had misruled Malta for centuries and finally rendered a facile submission to Gen. Bonaparte of the French Republican army in 1798. Their fixing here cannot be called anything so vigorous as their last stand; but without specific reference to the easy chairs in their chapter house it may be fitly called their last seat; and if it is true that none of plebeian blood may enjoy the order's privileges, the place will afford another of those satisfactions which the best of all possible worlds is always offering its admirers. Even if one were disposed to moralize the comfortable end of the poor Knights harshly, one must admit that their view of Rome is one of the unrivalled views and that the glimpse of St. Peter's through the keyhole of their garden gate is little short of unrivalled. could not manage the glimpse myself, but I can testify to the unique character of the avenue of elipped box and laurel which the keyhole also commands. Lovers of the supernatural, of which I am the first, will like to be reminded or perhaps instructed that the Church of the Priory stands on the spot where Remus had a seance with the spiritual authorities and was advised against building Rome where he proposed. The fact gave the Aventine Hill the fame of bad luck, but any one may safely visit it now, after the long time I do not, however, advise visiting it above

any other place in Rome. What I always say is, take your chances with any or every time or place; you cannot fail of some impression which you will always like recurring to as characteristically delightful. For instance, I once walked home from the Piazza di Spagna with some carnival masks frolicking about me through the sun shotten golden dust of the delicious evening air, and I had a pleasure from the experience which I shall never forget. It was as rich as that I got from the rosy twilight in which I wandered homeward another time from the Piazza di Venezia and found myself passing the Fountain of Trevi, and lingered long there and would not throw my penny into its waters because I knew I could not help coming back to Rome anyhow. Yet another time I was driving through that piazza where the peasants stand night long waiting to be hired by the proprietors who come to find them there, and suddenly the piety of the Middle Ages stood before me in the figure of the Brotherhood of the Misericordia draped to the foot and hooded in their gray unbleached linen. The brothers stood in a file at the door of the church ready to visit the house of sickness or of mourning barefooted, with their eyes showing spectrally through their masks and their hands coming soft and white out of their sleeves and betraying the lily class that neither toils nor spins and yet is bound, as in the past, to the poorest and humblest through the only Church that knows how to unite them in the offering and acceptance of reciprocal religious duties.

In Rome, as elsewhere in Catholic countries, it seemed to me that the worshippers were mostly of the poorer classes and were mostly old women, but in the the Christian Scientists, and in that church. whose name I forget but which is in the wide street or narrow piazza below the windows of the palace where the last Stuarts lived and died, my ineradicable love of gentility was flattered and my faith in the final sanctification of good society restored by the sight of gentlemen coming to and going from prayer with their silk hats in

The performance of ritual implies a certain measure of apparatus, and the wonder is that in the Catholic churches it is not more mechanical than it actually is. I was no great frequenter of functions, and I cannot claim that my superior spiritu ality was ever deeply wounded; sometimes it was even supported and consoled. I noted without offence in the Church of San Giuseppe how the young monk who preached an eloquent sermon on the saint's ife and character exhausted himself before he exhausted his topic and sat down between the successive heads of his discourse and took a good rest. It was the saint's day which seemed more generally observed than any other saint's day in Rome, and his baroque church in Via Capo le Case was thronged with people, mostly poor and largely peasants, who were apparently not so fatigued by the preacher's shrill, hard delivery as he was himself. There were many children, whom their elders held up to see, and there was one young ing up where others sat, and blotting out the prospect of half the church with her flaring brim and flaunting feathers. The worshippers came and went, and while the monk preached and reposed a man crept dizzyingly around the cornice with a taper at the end of a long pole lighting the chandeliers, while two other men on the floor kindled the candles before the altars. As soon as their work was completed the monk. as if he had been preaching against time, sat definitely down and left us to the rapture of the perfected splendor. The high altar was canopied and curtained in crimson fringed with gold, and against this the candle flames floated like yellow flowers. Suddenly a tenor voice pealed from the organ loft, and a train of priests issued from the sacristy and elbowed and shouldered their way through the crowd to the high altar, where their intoning, like so many Silver snarling trumpets 'gan to glide,

and those flowerlike flames and that tenor voice seemed to sing together, and all sense of mortal agency in the effect was lost. How much our pale northern faith has suffered from the elimination of the drama which is so large an element in the worship of the south could not be conjectured without offence to both. Drama I have said, but if I had said opera it would have been equally with the will merely to recogaize the fact and not to censure it. Many have imagined a concert of praise in heaven and portrayed it as a spectacle of which the elder Christian worship seems emulous.

Go, therefore, to Rome, dear fellow Protestant, with any measure of ignorance short of mine, but leave as much of your prejudice behind you as you can. You are not more likely to become a convert because of your tolerance; in fact you may be the safer for it; and it will prepare you for a gentler pleasure than you would otherwise enjoy in the rites and ceremonies which seem exotic in our wintrier world, but which are here native to the climate, or at least could not have had their origin under any but oriental or meridional skies.

to encounter in his approach. Be tender of the hapless mendicants at the door; they are not there for their pleasure, those blind and halt and old. Be modestly receptive of the good office of the whole tribe of dicerones, of custodians, of sacristans; they can save you time, which is almost the same as money even in Rome, and are the repository of many rejected fables waiting to be recognized as facts again. I, for instance, committed the potential error of wholly rejecting with scorn the services of an authorized guide to the Church of St. John Lateran because he said the tariff was three francs. But after wandering, the helpless prey of my own Baedeker, up and down the huge temple, I was glad to find him waiting my emer-gence where I had left him, in the church porch, one of the most pathetic figures that ever wrung the pitying heart.

His poor black clothes showed the lustre of inveterate wear; his waistcoat would have been the better for a whole bottle of benzine; his shoes, if they did not share the polish of those threadbare textures, reciprocated the effect of his broken spirited cuffs and collar and the forlorn gentility of his hat. His beard had not been shaved for three days. I do not know why, but doubtless for as good a reason as that his shirt had not been washed for seven. It was with something like a cry for pardon of my previous brutality that I now closed with his unabated demand of a three france fee, and we went with him wherever he would from one holy edifice to another of those that constitute the church, but I will not ask the reader to follow us in the cab which he mounted into with us, but which would not conveniently hold four. Let him look it all up in the admirably luxurious and compendious pages of Hare and Murray, and believe if he can that I missed nothing of that history and mystery. If I speak merely of the marvellous baptistry it is doubtless not because the other parts were not equally worthy of my wonder, but because I would not have even an enemy miss the music of the singing doors, mighty valves of bronze which when they turn upon their hinges emit a murmur of grief or a moan of regret for the heathen uses they served the wicked Caracalla at his baths. Not to have heard their rich harmony would be like not having heard the echo in the baptistry of Pisa, a lifelong loss.

Heaven knows how punctiliously our guide would have acquainted us with every particular of the Lateran group, which for a thousand years before the Vatican was was the home of the Popes. We begged off from this and that, but even indolence like mine would not spare itself the sight of the Scala Santa. That was another of the things which I distinctly remembered from the year 1864, and I did not find the spectacle of the modern penitents covering the holy steps different in 1908. Now as then there was something incongruous in their fashions and aspirations, but one could not doubt that it was a genuine piety that nerved them to climb up and down the hard ascent on their mees, or at the worst that it was good exercise. Still, I would rather leave my reader with the sense of that most noble facade of the church, from the sweep of its stately steps to its lofty balustraded entablature, where the gigantic Christ with ten of his saints looks out forever to the W. D. HOWELLS.

NO ELLIS ISLAND FOOD BIDS GO. Contract Held Up While Dr. Wiley Gets Up a Scientific Dietary.

As a result of an investigation into the oids made for the food contract at Ellis Island, which were opened on June 25, church of the Jesuits I saw worshippers all bids have been thrown out and it will almost as well dressed as the average of be for Dr. H. W. Wiley, the chemist of the Department of Agriculture and pure food expert, to draw up a new set of standardized specifications upon which new bids will

be called for. Harry Balfe has had the contract for feeding the Ellis Island immigrants for the last three years and he had received verbal word from the Department that his bid was about to be accepted when Hudgins & Dumas, who had held the contract before Balfe, made a protest, and Representative Bennet and Assistant Secretary Wheeler, two of the members of the special immigration commission appointed by the Fifty-

ninth Congress, began an investigation. Representative Bennet said yesterday that Baife's bid on certain articles of food prescribed had been much below cost but that the evidence seemed to show that to make up for this loss Baife had taken advantage of a clause allowing the contractor to charge on articles not required by the regulations a profit not less than 20 per cent. There was no maximum profit stipulated in this clause, which had been in the regulations for some years. Since Baife has had the contract, Mr. Bennet said, he had put up boxes of food for which he charged \$1 and of which a great many were sold, although the immigrants of course could buy food at the counters for the prices fixed by the Government. Most of the food in these boxes, Mr. Bennet said, was food not on the required list, and Mr. Bennet said that he and Secretary Wheeler had figured it out that on each dollar box there was a profit of about 50 cents.

It was further found out that bids had been asked for on articles the sale of which is positively prohibited by the Government. Representative Bennet said yesterday

been asked for on articles the sale of which is positively prohibited by the Government. This was the result of carelessness apparently, the old specifications having been copied without any reference to recent

After Secretary Straus of the Department of Commerce and Labor had been advised of this he decided to throw out all the bids and ask for the assistance of Chemist Wiley. and ask for the assistance of Chemist Wiley. Now Dr. Wiley is going to get to work with a copy of the pure food law and the latest results of his poison and dietary squads and draw up specifications which will require a certain amount of moisture in bologna and will demand coffee of a certain degree of wholesomeness. Mr. Bennet bologna and will demand collect of a certain degree of wholesomeness. Mr. Bennet said yesterday that there would be nothing in the new specifications to prevent low bidding but that the meals might cost a

little more.
Feeding the immigrants has long been the Department. Six years bothersome to the Department. Six years ago there was some housecleaning done and a lot of evil practices were put an end and a lot of evil practices were put an end to. Hudgins & Dumas got the contract then, but three years ago Balfe underbid them. The lowness of the bids this last time was a matter of much comment. It is said that some of the bidders offered to supply three meals a day to each immigrant at 17 and 18 cents a head. The last contract was for 24½ cents a head.

The Seagoers.

Passengers by the American liner Philadelphia, from Southampton, Cherbourg

and Queenstown: Marous Daly, Owen Johnson, the playwright, who brings over two new plays; Mrs. wright, who brings over two baw has Julius P. G. S. Ten Broeck, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Einstein, Gen. Rush C. Hawkins, S. F. B. Biddle, Mrs. Vance Thompson, F. G. Wother-spoon, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund S. Wentworth, Major C. B. Winder and Louis Hamburger. Arrivals by the Cunarder Lucania, from Liverpool and Queenstown:

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Hearst, Mr. and Mrs. Gipsy Smith, Howard M. Peck, Capt. Thomas H. R. McIntyre, Henry George Torrence, Mrs. Jonathan Wainwright, William P. O'Brien and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Paine.

O'Brien and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Paine.
Aboard the White Star liner Celtic, from
Liverpool and Queenstown:
Lady Chapleau, the Rev. George H. Burgess.
Dr. and Mrs. James C. Greenway, Mr. and Mrs.
H. S. Demarest, Eyre Hudson, British Colonial
Secretary to Fiji: Prof. William McDonaid,
Mr. and Mrs. Harold W. Symonds and the Rev.
W. B. Trevelyan.

CHANGE OF ART IN GRAND ST.

MELODRAMA NOW WHERE ONCE THE MIGHTY ADLER PLAYED.

Murder Done by a Villain Who Picks His Teeth and Hums—But He Was a Craven Hound, as You Would Guess From His Violet Socks and Noiseless Laugh.

When Dick Thurston, one of Nature's oblemen (you could see it from the first). belted Mr. John Blaisdell in the eye yesterday afternoon for presuming to address sweet little Alice, the Judge's daughter, you knew that you were going to get at least two bucks worth of thrills out of "Convict 999" for the price of a four bit seat. And everybody in the Grand Street Theatre, from the fat diamond dealer and ais family in B2, B4, B6 and B8 to the coatess kids squirming in the topmost gallery. felt as you did about it. Exciting? Well

From the instant you laid eyes on that fellow Blaisdell-he was too mean to be called a man-you spotted him for the cowardly, craven hound he was. From his patent leather shoes and violet socks to his gleaming silk hat you knew there wasn't a thing he would stick at to poison Alice Bradstone's mind against Dick or get that honest boy into trouble. He had a way of laughing noiselessly out of the corner of his mouth and dragging his lower lip down in a sneer that made you want to climb over the footlights and kick him An Assistant District Attorney too! Why on earth, you wondered, do they appoint men of that stamp to offices where they can do so much harm?

There he was right in the Turkish Room at the Waldorf, swinging a leg over a red plush divan and smoking a cigar, while he plotted with Miriam Lancaster. Something about that lady aroused your suspicions first off. No good woman would oll in a public place, showing off her black silk stockings nearly to the knee and smoking a cigarette with that fellow Blaisdell. Her pink empire and her dainty blue Charlotte Corday didn't fool you for a moment. There was paint on her face and her thin lips were scarlet with rouge. You weren't a bit surprised when Blaisdell patted her on the back and called her Chicago Mamie or when she hissed back at him:

"Yuh devil! Yuh know me then! But if yuh place one pebbul in muh pawth to soshul duhstinkshun I'll killlll yuh! I esseweah it!"

If she had stabbed him then and there it would have been a blamed good thing it would have been a blamed good thing and saved Dick and Alice and the Judge from the most awful anguish that human beings can feel; but no chance. Wicked as she was, she loved Dick and hated Alice Bradetone, and was willing enough to plot with that cur of an assistant district attorney. They fixed it up between them with the owner of the hotel right there in the room counting the day's take. It's a wonder he didn't catch on to their foul scheme.

Company H, Eighth Regiment, gave

company H, Eighth Regiment, gave a ball in their armory that night, and Dick Thurston, as Captain and host, received the guests with Alice on his arm. It did you good to see them. They were so good and clean and fine and so much in love with each other. But you wondered why en earth Chicago Mamie got a bid, and how Blanche Page, blond hussy she was, got past the sentry.

Blaiselil was plumb crazy when he saw her. He'd been making love to her a year but he didn't want her turning up at the ball to spoil his o'ances with Alice. You couldn't help but pity Blanche when she threw her arms around John Blaiselil's neck and sobbed and sobbed and cried that she wanted to be a good girl if he would only marry her and be good to her, and you groaned when that devil in human form struck her in the face with his clinched hand and kicked her savagely. Heavens above! What a thing for an assistant district attorney to do!

But worse is to come. You hear him whisper that she is to poison Dick Thurston, and you thrill with joy when Blanche spurns his love at such a price. He argues. She refuses, weeping. What now? He throttles her, beating her in the face with his fist.

Alice's old father. But that brave girl never faltered.
"He is IN-NO-CENT!" she screamed, "and I luff him-ah! Oh, God! How I luff him!"
Not a chance on earth for Richard. Evidence all complete. Bloody knife, missing button in Blanche's hand (State's exhibit A2; and a yard of lies from Chicago Mamie and Blaisdell about how Dick once loved Blanche Page and had threatened to kill her to get rid of her. Judge Bradstone announced that his colleagues on the bench saw no reason why he shouldn't try the case even if he was a friend of Dick and Alice's father.

reason why he shouldn't try the tase even if he was a friend of Dick and Alice's father.

"An honorable Judge knows his dutch! What! You heah, me che-ild! Begone to yuh home and mothah! I'll not have my dotter's picture in the noospapers!

"But, fawthah, he is in-no-cent, Muh place is by his side. Theah will I stay!"

Well, the result of that trial was known from the second Chicago Mamie swished her silk skirts into the witness stand. You wouldn't believe a woman could lie the way she did—horrid, black lies that condemned a good man to a felon's death. Dick's brother Tom, his counsel, couldn't make any headway against her, because the fool jury believed every word she said. But Jennie Day, the little manicure girl who was just gone on Adolph Bleck, janitor of the armory and Dick's friend, and Mrs. Tillie Augustine, the keeper of the boarding house where Dick lived, wouldn't let her sit on the same bench with them.

"Give that lady a seat!" commanded the Judge sternly.

"Aoh! She vasn't any leddy, Thudge."

Judge sternly.
"Ach! She vasn't any leddy, Thudge,"

Judge sternly.

"Ach! She vasn't any leddy, Thudge," said Adolph quickly, and kicked Chicago Mamie. It made the Judge laugh, but he gave Adolph a year in Sing Sing for contempt of court. You see that's how the good hearted Dutchman came to be with Dick later on. So the jury, out five seconds, found Dick guilty and the Judge sentenced him to the chair, and then Dick licked Blaisdell right in court and there was a rough house that made everybody feel better and released the tension. The nerves can stand only so much, even in melodrama, without breaking.

A low browed brute of a warden made Dick's life plain hell in the Tombs ("Gee! That's the real thing, all right!" cried somebody in the gallery when the curtain went up on the prison scene) and John Blaisdell and Miriam Lancaster ("hicago Mamie, you know) came to gloat over him and insult him. Then when Alice, sobbing and all in black, brought a cake that she had made for Dick with her own little hands, that sooundrel of a Blaisdell tried to kiss her while the warden held Dick. Would the convicts stand for that? No, siree! They broke loose and lammed Blais-ell with their fists so Alice could make her getaway. It all went to prove that stripes cover many a honest heart and that brave souls may be found within prison walls. getaway. It all went to prove that stripes cover many a honest heart and that brave souls may be found within prison walls.

Next night Dick, Convict 999, and all the rest of the convicts shinned up a twenty foot stone wall and escaped over the telegraph wires, forming a human bridge, while the pistols of the baffied guards barked behind them and the black night was stabbed with spurting fire from the revolvers and Alice and Jennie Day, brave girls, protected their flight with rifles and held the warden and his brutal guards at bay. The next morning they were hidden in an old stone mill, with the crooks cooking grub for Dick, who had been wounded, and Alice, and all of them hooraying lustily when Pete the Burglar said:

"Boys, there ain't nothin' in bein' a large stit steeping on the petition of the pet

Hackett Carbart & G

Broadway at Thirteenth Street WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

Important Announcement

We take inventory August first, and the task of disposing of our great stocks before then now confronts us. For this reason all the remaining Women's Suits, Gowns, Coats, Waists, Trimmed Hats, Neckwear and Belts, also Misses' and Children's Garments are marked at the lowest prices on record.

327	Linen Suits Val	ue \$7.	50 to	\$40	.00; at	\$3	.50	to	\$12.5
670	Tailored Cloth Suits.	Value	\$15.00	to	\$45.00	; at	\$5	44	\$15.0
	Gowns & Tub Dresses		\$7.50	, "	\$45.00	; "	\$3	"	\$15.0
	Coats of all kinds		\$10.00	"	\$35.00	; "	\$3	"	\$10.0
	Waists of all kinds	**	\$3.75	44	\$15.00	; "	\$1	"	\$5.0
	Skirts of all kinds	44	\$3.75	"	\$16.50	; "	\$1	44	\$7.5
	Junior Tailored Suits.	"	\$10.00	"	\$35.00	; "	\$5	"	\$8.5
	Girls' Coats		\$5.00	"	\$12.50	; "	\$3	"	\$5.0
	Girls' Wash Dresses.		\$3.00	**	\$7.50	; "	-\$1	"	\$2.5
** OF LESS 15	Vomen's Trimmed Hate		\$5.00	, "	\$18.00	; "	\$1	"	\$5.0

Odd garments from each department which cannot be taken in inventory, many of which were priced at \$10 and

Odd suits, handsome gowns and imported models which cannot be taken in inventory, priced formerly at \$100 to \$150, at

Hackett Carhart & G

crook. I'm goin' ter be honest and go ter woik!"

But that scoundrelly Blaisdell and Chicago Mamie led the officers of the law straight to their hiding place and surprised Dick and his pals. Alice stood them off with a rifle again until Dick got away with three bullets in his body—she was the bravest girl you ever heard of—and then walked off herself, daring Blaisdell and Chicago Mamie and the whole posse to move one step after her. Did they? Well, you can believe they didn't! They were cowards at heart, every single one of them. There never was a villain yet in melodrama who had courage enough to face a child with the croup.

had courage enough to face a child with the croup.

Alice hid Dick in her own father's house, but the hell hounds of the law were on them soon. This time it was all off, sure. The warden was just about to dash out Dick's brains with a hammer when Alice rushed in and knocked him silly with a redhot poker and Dick, all shot up and weak as he was, licked Blaisdell again. Golly! How that boy did wallop the scheming, lying, treacherous hound! But Blaisdell wasn't through. Not he. He told the old Judge that Dick wasn't guilty after all. Oh, no. The real murderer was Alice herself and he had kept quiet because he loved Alice. But he'd tell sure as shooting if Alice didn't promise to marry him that night. Fine fix for the old Judge, wasn't it? Fine for Dick and Alice too.

and A lice too.
"Fawthah! Deah fawthah! I would rahthah die than wed that man!" sobbed the noble girl.

"Be silent!" said the Judge. "I know your sessecrit! It is for honah, not life!"

Would you believe it, that Assistant Dis-

his love at such a price. He argues. She refuses, weeping. What now? He throttles her, beating her in the face with his fist. She faints and he plunges a knife—Dick Thurston's knife—in her heart! He lifts her limp body, throws it with the knife into an alcove, draws the old rose curtains and hums a gay air while he picks his teeth. Oh, you devil! If there's justice in the land you'll be made to suffer for this!

Captain Dick, searching for his knife and a button lost from the sleeve of his uniform coat, drew back the curtains and found Blanche's body. There was Blaiedell's opportunity, and when the merry dancers crowded into the room he charged Dick with the murder before Judge Bradstone, Alice's old father. But that brave girl never faltered.

"He is IN-NO-CENT!" she screamed, "and I luff him-ah! Oh, God! How I luff him!"

Not a chance on earth for Richard. Evidence all complete. Bloody knife, missing button in Blanche's hand (State's exhibit A2' and a yard of lies from Chicago Mamie and a yard of lies from Chicago Mamie and and a yard of lies from Chicago Mamie and and a yard of lies from Chicago Mamie and and a yard of lies from Chicago Mamie and and a yard of lies from Chicago Mamie and and a yard of lies from Chicago Mamie and and a yard of lies from Chicago Mamie and and a yard of lies from Chicago Mamie and a yard of lies from Chicago Mamie and a yard of lies from Chicago Mamie and lies way melodrama came to Grand That's the way melodrama came to Grand support. The way melodrama came to Grand support. The way melodrama came to Grand support.

That's the way melodrama came to Grand That's the way melodrama came to Grand street and the East Side yesterday afternoon, brought there by Ai H. Woods and set down in the old Grand Street Theatre, where for many years the people of the quarter had heard nothing but Jacob Adler and dramas in Yiddish. The East Siders seemed to like their first taste of melodrama in English, particularly the furious popping of pistols. Acting up to the good old password of melodrama, whenever the actors were in doubt as to their lines they fired a revolver, and it went great.

For the next three years there will be produced in the old home of Yiddish drama nothing but melodramas and musical comedies that have had a run on Broadway. Mr. Woods in English and Jacob Adler in Yiddish read a long list of shows that are to be presented there. They cheered the Yiddish actor finely.

JESUITS DO CITY WORK.

Build a Sewer, Lay Water Main and Grade a Street for New Brooklyn College.

Unwilling to await the pleasure of the officials of the city departments of Sewers, Water Supply and Highways, the Rev. John F. X. O'Conor of the Jesuit Father has completed a work in Brooklyn which made it possible for him to announce yes terday that the twin stone houses he has rected as a home for himself and members of the Jesuit order of priests who are to be the faculty of the new Brooklyn College is

the faculty of the new Brooklyn College is ready for its tenants and that the wing of the new oollege, which is to open its doors to students early in September, is finished except for some interior decoration.

Father O'Conor is the president of the new college, whose property is bounded by Rogers and Nostrand avenues and Carroll and Crown streets. In other days the site was known as Crow Hill, and upon it stood the Kings county penitentiary. The name as well as the building itself is now but a memory and the site is called Crown Heights.

After the penitentiary building was razed Father O'Conor in 1906 went to the departments for the purpose of having a new sewer dug, new water main laid and Carroll street graded. No move was made by the city, and it is believed that the departments are still sleeping on the petition of the Jesuit.

Realizing that the millenium might arrive

Realizing that the millenium might arrive

IN SOCIETY.

Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jones, who have a fine residence at Newport, entertained friends at dinner in the summer garden of the Plaza on Thursday night.

Beale McLean, the former a nephew of Mrs. Dewey, wife of Admiral Dewey, will in the course of a fortnight visit the former's course of a fortnight visit the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John R. McLean, at their place at Bar Harbor, Me. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, Mrs. McLean's parents, have taken a cottage at the resort for the rest of the season. It has taken Mrs. McLean almost all of the time since the automobile accident in Newport three years since, when her only brother, Vincent Walsh, lost his life, to recover her health.

The wedding of Miss Pauline Kohlsaat and Potter Palmer, son of the late Potter Palmer, will take place to-morrow in Chi-cago. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Kohlesat of that city.

Mrs. Frederick Pearson and Miss Joseph-ine S. Pearson, who arrived from their European trip last Tuesday, are at the Plass. They will spend the remainder of the season at their Newport cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Watson, Jr., will sail from the other side next Wednesday on the Adriatic and have planned to pass July and August at Virginia Hot Springs. They were the guests of Alfred G. Vander-bilt on his coach at the Grand Prix. E. H. but on his coach at the Grand Prix. E. H. Outerbridge is expected home this week and he will join Mrs. Outerbridge at their camp, Ethelwynd, at Moosehead Lake, Me., where she has been since leaving Staten Island. Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Buckland of Washington, who have been travelling in Syria for some time, will arrive here next Saturday. Sir John Rodgers and the Hon. R. H.

during the week. Sir Mortimer Durand, former British Ambassador at Washington, will be in Lenox, Mass., for the autumn. The Hon. Patrick Ramsay will arrive here in August and is coming to fill the place in the British Embassy left vacant by the transference of Grant Watson to Rio de Janeiro. He is a brother of Lord Dal-Lady D. Smallie of London has been

Ward of London have been at the Belmont

during the week at the Park Avenue. Lady Barran of England is visiting her father the Rev. Leighton Parks, rector of St Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church, Madison avenue and Forty-fourth street, and her sisters, the Misees Ellen S. Parks and Georgianna P. Parks, at their summer home at Dark Harbor, Me. Viscount Hollender of London has been staying at the Holland House.

The wedding of Miss Janet Macdonald and Joseph P. Grace will take place next Saturday at Phoenix Lodge, the country home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blair Macdonald, in Westbury, L. I. The bride's younger sister, Miss Frances Macdonald, will attend her as maid of honor and a breakfast will follow the ceremony. Mr. Grace, who is a Columbia graduate, class of '94, is a son of the late William R. Grace, twice Mayor of New York, and nephew of Michael P. Grace of Battle Abbey, England, whose daughters were called 'The Three Graces,' and one of whom married Louise Grace and of William Russell Grace, who will assist him as best man. Heretofore his home has been with his mother, Mrs. Grace, at \$1 East Seventy-ninth street, who has a summer country residence at Macdonald, will attend her as maid of honor who has a summer country residence at Great Neck, L. I.

John Ridgely Carter, secretary of the American Embassy in London, will arrive here next Saturday, accompanied by Mrs. Carter, and will stay with Mrs. Carter's mother, Mrs. David P. Morgan. Miss Mildred Carter, who made her debut two winters ago here, will remain with Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid in the absence of her parents. Mrs. Morgan probably will rent her Washington establishment in Dupont Circle, occupied for the last two or three seasons by Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont, again this winter. The new Belmont residence will be ready for occupancy this autumn. here next Saturday, accompanied by Mrs.

Reginald C. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Vandershow from Atlantic City. They paid a week end visit over July 19 to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Spies Kip at their Long Island residence and gave a dinner here on the following night on the terrace of the Knickerbooker. Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt will have friends with them at Long Branch and while there will stay at the Takanassee Hotel. bilt will go on to Long Branch for the horse

Heretofore Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish has opened and closed the Newport dancing ason with festivities at Crossways, but ast night it fell to the lot of Mrs. Edward last night it fell to the lot of Mrs. Edward S. Berwind to give the first of the dances at her splendid establishment. It was preceded by a big dinner. Mrs. Berwind will give dinner dances also on August 1, 8, 15, 22 and 29, extra guests being invited on each occasion for the dances.

Stern Brothers

Continuation of Their Closing Out Sale

Women's Tailor Suits

At the following Low Prices \$8.50, 12.50, 18.50 and 22.50 Reduced from \$29.50 to 49.50

Also Decided Reductions in

Women's Summer Dresses

Comprising Linen Coat Suits and Lingerie Dresses, \$8.50, 9.75, 12.50, 22.50 and 27.50 Reduced from \$14.50 to 45.00

Extraordinary Sale of

Women's White Waists

trimmed with lace and embroidery,

at \$1.10, 1.45, 1.98 and 2.50

Values \$2.00 to 5.00

Misses' and Girls' Apparel Closing Out at Greatly Reduced Prices

Misses' and Girls' Tailor-made Suits, \$4.50 to 19.75 Heretofore \$13.95 to 42.50

Girls' and Children's Coats, 2 to 14 yrs,

Misses' & Girls' Washable Tailor-made Suits, 4.95, 8.95 Heretofore \$12.50 to 24.50

Heretofore \$8.50 to 12.50

Misses' & Girls' Washable Dresses, \$2,95, 4,95 Heretofore \$6.50 to 14.75 \$3.95

Misses' and Girls' Washable Skirts. Heretofore \$5.50 to 9.50

West Twenty-third Street

of the summer with her son and daughterin-law, Mr. and Mrs. Honoré Palmer. at Mattapoisett, Mass., where they have a cot-tage. In the autumn she will return to her house in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Polk, who have given some dinners during the week, will leave town next Saturday for the White Mountains. Since they returned from their wedding trip they have made their home with Mr. Polk's parents, Dr. and Mrs. William Mecklenberg Polk, at 7 East Thirty-sixth street. They will stay when they return from the mountains at 129 East Thirty-sixth street.

Frederick O. Juilliard has been the guest of late of the Rev. and Mrs. Roderick Terry at Newport. Rudolph Neeser has been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Brewster at Lenox during the week. Marshall ster at Lenox during the week. Marshall Kernochan is staying with his stepfather and mother, Mr. and Mrs. William Pollock, in Pittsfield, Mass. Monson Morris entertained at dinner during the week at the St. Regis. Capt. Blackstock of England, of the Coldstream Guards, has been entertained here at dinners during the week. Maurice Roche will join Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wagstaff, Jr., on their automobile trip in France. While in Europe they will meet his father, Francis Burke Roche.

Mr. and Mrs. William D. Sloane have with them at Elm Court, Lenox, their sonsin-law and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Hammond and Mr. and Mrs. William B. Osgood Field. Mr. and Mrs. Sloane are now having built a fine cottage in the vicinity for Mr. and Mrs. Field. Their elder daughter, Mrs. James A. Burden, and her husband are now in Europe with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay Frick are en tertaining friends at their fine Colonial establishment on the North Shore, com-pleted last summer.

Mrs. Ronalds and her daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, are due to arrive from England this week on the Lusitania. They are going on to Eris, Pa., where Mrs. Ronalds will be with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Ronalds, who was Miss Strong of that place.

Mrs. Morton F. Plant gave a big dinner at New London last Tuesday night.

Cards have been issued here for the wedding next Wednesday of Miss Clara Ambler Venable and the Rev. R. Townsend Hen-Venable and the Rev. R. Townsend Henshaw, eldest son of John H. Henshaw of this city, at Litchfield, Conn. The ceremony will be performed at noon in St. Michael's Protestant Episcopal Church and will be followed by a breakfast at Amblerside, the place of Mrs. D. G. Ambler, the bride's aunt, with whom she has always made her home. She was born in Jacksonville, Fla. The bridegroom will be attended by the Rev. Malbone H. Birckhead of St. George's Church, Stuyvesant Square, and the Rev. Robert Johnson, classmates, and the Messrs. J. Horton I jams and Perley H. Noyes as ushers. Sidney Parker Henshaw will be best man.

Theodore P. Shonts and Miss Marguerite Shonts have been the guests during the week of Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Berwind at their Newport establishment. Mrs. Shonts is with her other daughter, the Duchess de Chaulnes, at one of the quiet seashore resorts on the Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. James Andrew Swan gave a luncheon at the Casino at Newport last

Alfred G. Vanderbilt will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. Goadby Loew during

of Mr. and Mrs. W. Goadby Loew during the Long Branch Horse Show, which opens next Wednesday on the grounds of the Monmouth County Horse Show Associa-tion. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald C. Vander-bilt also will be there. It will be the first time that the Messrs. Vanderbilt will show together at this place. A party of New Yorkers, including Augus-

tus O. Bourne, Jr., went to New London, Conn., yesterday to attend the dance in the Casino last evening and to pass to-day cruising on Senator Aldrich's yacht. Miss Aldrich, one of last winter's débutantes, was at the dance. Later she is going on to Bar Harbor to visit her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

AT THE POPULAR SHOP. Bar Harbos



(During July-Seat cushions given free with chairs.) CAPE COD HAMMOCKS COLONIAL RAGSTYLE CARPETS,

ready to sew up and fringe he Good Old Style, 50c. yd. and MADAGASCAR & CORDAGE RUGS FOR BUNGALOWS, \$4.50. To those who cannot call is mailed Portfolio of 1,000 Original Sketches, Willow and Arts and Crafts Furniture, for 25c. (allowed on first purchase).

JOSEPH P. McHUGH & CO. 9 W. 42d St. OPPOSITE LIBRARY

Clothes Press

Mahogany.

Whoever has Furniture to buy and fails to see our



Also Antiques and Reproductions at-348 & 345 MADISON AVE

The Latest Big Exposition The London Stadium Fully illustrated and described

in the August number of the Architectural Record Newsdealers and 11-15 East 24th St., N. Y. City.

Thursday. Viscount Jules H. de Sibour and Viscountess de Sibour had a dinner given for them at the Plaza on Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Norris.

Mrs. Arthur Orr of Chicago announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Alice Orr, to C. Harold Collins, son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Collins of this city.

THAW HAS A DOCTOR DAILY, But He Is Not Permitted to See the Prisoner Alone.

POUGHREEPSIE, July 25 .- Harry K. Thaw POUGHREEPSIE, July 25.—Harry K. Thaw receives daily visits from Dr. Joha A. Card, a local physician, who was called to treat him several days ago when he complained of not feeling as well as usual. Thaw is up and around every day and looks to be in his usual health. He receives his counsel and visitors who have business with him. Other visitors are not permitted, as his privileges in this respect were cut off when Thaw was transferred from the Sheriff's private apartments to the corridor in the men's section of the jail, where he is now confined.'

to Bar Harbor to visit her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

The Marquise de Beauvoir of Paris has been at the Waldorf-Astoria of late, as has also Prince V. Windrisch-Graetz. Count Hoyos has been of late at the Oriental, Manhattan Beach. Count Alexander de Lebanoff has been dining during the week at the Astor. Countess de Bearn of Paris, who was Miss Winans, who has been for some days at the Manhattan Hotel, sailed for France on poison in Dr. Card's prescription for Thaw.